

## Borrowed Time

Blues Traveler

Oh, precious life  
How you loved to lie to me  
So recklessly fragile  
So beyond my power to see

And yet so demanding  
By making me believe  
That I am standing  
In the way of my own reprieve

That all our days are numbered  
No matter the amount  
Well, there's a first and then at last  
There is finally the fact  
That the numerals just don't count

And all our time is borrowed  
No deposit, no return  
And no promise of tomorrow or the next day  
What was lent you can never earn

If I took care of you  
And loved you all your days  
I'd still have to let you go  
?Cause nothing ever stays

You taught me to stand  
And then you left the job to me  
Now as a man  
I'm finally forced to see

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